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THE MOSQUITO:

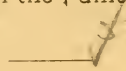
A SONG

Dedicated to the bitten sufferers throughout North America, and all Islands of the sea, including some parts of New Jersey.

ALSO

"Hurrah for Our Nation a Hundred Years Old."

By the Author of the Famous Glee Songs.



"I will go West." "The Pesky Fly." "Presidential Campaign of Gen. Grant." "William Geer." "Grand Army Song." "Should Days of Service be Forgot." Etc., Etc., Etc.

DEC

PUBLISHED BY

J. L. ELDRIDGE & CO.

213 East 10th Ave.,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

The "Mosquito" song is set to spirited music, of fine harmony and choice melody.

Copyrighted, J. L. Eldridge, 1889.

With keen delight the skeeters bite,
And sting our tender flesh;
Present their bill and get their fill,
And bleed us all afresh.

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Alas! that we no remedy
Are able to propose;
In wrath we burn and fight in turn
And deal them deadly blows.

Chorus:

Oh, hang the mosquito, kill the mosquito!
The pesky mosquito, that never gets fat;
We ne'er shall have peace till his buzzing shall cease,
There's one less mosquito I'm thankful for that.

Though some are slain the hosts remain,
And in brigades unite;
Swift on the wing, they waltz and sing
Through all the hours of night.

In vain one tries to close his eyes
And sink in to repose;
The frisky thing will gently sting
His unprotected nose.

Chorus:

They are so bold they bite the old
And those not young in years;
Disturb the joys of little boys,
And fill their eyes with tears.

In starving rage, they mock old age
And all endearing ties;
Their cruel creed is, "now we'll bleed,
And gather up supplies."

Chorus:

Pestiferous birds! we fail in words
To state what we desire;
Oh, quickly pack your old grip sack—
To colder climes retire.

No concerts then to vex old men
Perplexing cares forsake;
No buzzing noise to mar our joys,
Nor keep young men awake.

Chorus:

"Hurrah for Our Nation!"

Hurrah for our nation!
A hundred years old,
Abounding in wealth
By millions untold.

From factories in the east,
To prairies out west,
A land the Almighty
Has wonderfully blest.

Nature's subtle forces
Just hid in the skies,
Caught by our Edison
To furnish supplies.

Speed the cars, and message
With lightning like power
Do work of a month
In less than an hour.

Where corn is abundant,
No lack of fine wheat,
With mountains of ore,
And plenty to eat.

She excels the old world
A hundred times over;
Our luxuries make us
Like cattle in clover.

In inventions she leaves
All nations behind;
The triumphs of thought,
The fruit of the mind.

No hardship of labor,
'Twill soon be no more;
No war, nor strong drink,
That good men deplore.

We'll shout for America,
The land of our birth,
The home of the brave—
The richest on earth,

And keep our flag flying,
Our banner unfurled,
And clasp the arm that
Encircles the world.

THE Publishers desire to state that they are prepared to publish at nominal cost, mirth-provoking glee and other songs with, and without music, in plain and embellished covers for the million of song-loving people of America.

These charming patriotic, comic and temperance songs, ound in harmless mirth; and are admirably adapted to please ose who are "*with youthful vigor warm*," also to gladden the arts of those who have become depressed by ill health, non-suc- ss in business, disappointed in political and other aspirations, to move dull care, and the care worn wrinkles from the face and to ve it said of us—

"To relieve the wretched was his pride,"
"And to cheer all travelers on life's rugged road."

To accomplish this we desire canvassers, and to sell to news- alers in towns and cities in America. Letters promptly answered at

213 EAST 10TH. AVE.,
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Dec. 20, 1889. *J. L. Eldridge & Co.*

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